

T H E
Reformer Back'd:
AND HIS
CONFESSION.

O R,

Some Observations upon the keeping the Thirtieth of *January*, and Twenty Ninth of *May*, considered: In a brief Reflexion on the Principles of his Party in general, with some digressive Touches upon the Author's Notion of those Anniversaries.

To which is added,

A New Discovery of Old *England*:
Written and privately Printed in the Time of
Oliver's Usurpation.

Did I not more consider my Subject's Satisfaction than mine own Vindication, I should never have given the Malice of some Men that pleasure, as to see me take notice of, or remember what they say, or object. I would leave the Authors to be punished by their own evil Manners, and feared Consciences.

'*Ein. Bar.* p. 118.

L O N D O N: Printed, and are to be sold by
Randal Taylor near *Stationers-Hall*, 1694.

1694
+ R332

THE (1) 1751

THE
Reformer Rack'd :
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THE strained weaknesſes and fulſom unbecomingneſſes of *Codrus's* Verſe, muſt heighten the true Poet's Indignation ; the very recital of them muſt whet his Noble Anger, and ſet a ſteeling Edge on the blunteſt Ingenuity : So the ſla-
vering Wit of a *Novice*, a *Bavins* or *Mevius*, hath been treated with nothing but Sarcaſm and Satyr, Scorn and Proverb. As the Fooleries of Love, and the *womanish* Flatteries of Poetaſters, have been always unſucceſſful and contemptible, and ridiculous in an undegenerate Age of *maſculine* Vertue ; ſo the Smatterers in Contro-
verſie, and the unmanly poornesſes of trifling Malice, or Presbyterian *Cant*, are not like to have better Fate, or hope to eſcape the *Laſh* and *Baffle* of a *Church-of-England-Pen*. How often the Non-con's have been en-
countered by our irrefragable Clergy, in Debates of this Nature, viz. *Whether our Church-Ceremonies were ſuper-
ſtitious Relicks of Popery; abſurd, and not to be endured ?*
p. 2, 3. *Whether Eccleſiaſtical Laws and Ordinances be Ob-
ligatory*

B

ligatory

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ligatory, or meer Human Invention, inconsistent with Christian Liberty, and are pure Will-Worship? p. 30, 32, 33. Whether the setting apart some Days for holier Use and Service, is a Branch of Heathenism or Popish Idolatry? And appointing Anniversaries, Festivals and Fasts upon any Man's Account be Blasphemous, and derogatory to the Authority of the Lord of Sabbath? p. 27, 28, 29. themselves may remember who always came off with the Foil; and methinks they might have learned from the Wraffling of *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, or from Shame, to have desisted, and flung off the Belt: But here's a doughty Antagonist hath a mind to Dispute it again, though he be sure to be worsted for his pains, and thrown out in the struggle: It is the Nature of a *Fool-hardy* Fellow, and more becoming *Dick* the Butcher than one of the *Sober-Party*, to run the Risque of a dozen broken Heads before he will lay down the Cudgel. I may relate, but never hope to Decide or Quell their refractory Animosities; and truly to recite all their *Bear-Garden-Adventures* against our Church, and their snarling Cavils against her Holy Sanctions and Wise Constitutions, would show the Reader how great a mind they have to make Schism but a more sanctified Sport, and to remove the Royal Diversions of Bull-Baiting and Bear-Baiting into the House of God. Those who Foster up Lion's Whelps and Foxes Cubs of Division within the Grates of their own Breasts, can as easily with the favour of the State and Press, turn the Temple of the Lord into an Amphitheatre of wild Divinity and savage Christianity, as transimography *St. Paul's* into a Stable, and make it a *Den* of Filthiness and Horse-dung. The Levitical *Augers* was resolved to make Superstition stink, though his own Practice smelled strong of Bestiality for't; and surely he cannot call this a sweet Revenge upon *Rams*, when

when he must necessarily hold his Nose for the Ho-go and Brutishness of his own Actions, and only Snivel out his hateful, *hoggish*, and nasty Reformation. Well then; *Vexatus toties* with *Geneva-rant* or *Aeneas* Eruptions and Distractions at home, I must now break out into *Juvenal's* *nunquamne reponam*? Justice and Charity let the Author of those *reproachful Observations* upon the Martyrdom and Restauration, expect from an injured Loyalist and a disturbed Privado. He deserves to be answered with the Severity of Truth and Law; his *Billingsgate* Scold and Railery against our Pious Solemnization of a Fast and a Thanksgiving; the former upon a most dreadful and doleful, the latter upon a most joyful Account, requires the deepest Stab from a *poynarding* Scur-rility: He is troubled with that Distemper, the *Choler* of a passionate Folly, and Spleen of Malice, which Lenitives cannot Cure, and no *Remedy* can be worse than his *Disease*. If there be any secular Care of the Scepter, if any pious regard for the Mitre, if there be any Security of their present Majesties, if any just yearly *Tribute* of streaming Tears be payable to the Blessed Memory of Massacred *Charles*, if any Anniversary Moan for a Can-nibal-barbarity, and the most Capital and Unpardon-able Offence to Majesty above our Terrestrial *Turf*, if any sincere Lamentation be due to the Funeral of a Martyr, if Oblivion must not shade his *Hearse*, if we must not Rhodomontade *Heaven* with our Innocence and Impunity in the matter, if we must not think to Trick and Bilk God's waking Vengeance, as a Cullied Coachman is sometimes served: If our Hymns and Songs of *ecstasied Joy* for those eminent Mercies and Blessings of God conferred on us in returning us King *Charles II.* again to the *sade* of a flourishing Usurpation, must not cease in our *Chaires*: Then my Author's *lease*

may Commence a *Sacrifice* e're long to Love and Loyalty, Honour and Honesty, Courage and Constancy in *Palace-yard*. Himself may save his Bacon, but the Flame perhaps will Singe and Smoak him a little, and J. G. G. will smell of Rank Faction and Anti-Monarchical *Burnings* : It was a bold Stroke of some disaffected Poet or other to Acumen his Epigram thus upon the Pastoral Letter :

*Proh pia pompa rogi ! proh gloria funeris ! Auctor.
Non meruit fato Nobiliore mori.*

That was too hard upon the *Fanatics*, and the Sting is too sharp for my *Author's* thin *skinn'd Conscience*. The Waggish Jacks were at that time mightily taken with the Pun, *Burn-it, Burn-it*, in Rythm to its Author, and thought I'le warrant ye, it hit *Oliver* a notable Box on the Ear for his *Magna Charta, Magna Farta* : But his DissenterShip hath not been the subject of one *Oxford Jest* or Laughter yet, nor of a Parliamentary Curiosity and *Criticisim* ; to his chief Credit and Repute be it spoken. Revenge and Tears must burst hence from a compassionate and vexed Soul : The *one* to stop his foul Mouth against our Church-*appointment*, and the Dead, which common *Civility* to a departed *Soul* might have done ; and the *Gag* of *Licensing* one would have thought, might have silenced the notoriousst untruth, and *disingenuosness* to both : The *other* to quench a flagrant combustion and *glowing* discontent, which no doubt the Incendiary thinks he hath sufficiently fired under the Mitre ; our *Guy* may fancy he hath kindled Powder enough to Blow up a Thousand Churches that stand in his way of Levelling, or give a *Rub* to his Confusion-stratagem, and to make King *Charles* the First's Sacred Ashes to

Caper

Caper in the Air, to blacken his embalmed Memory, or to Snuff a Stink of it into the Nostrils of Mungril-Loyalists, as much as Hellish Aspersions can Nauseate. His intentions surely Dance after Jack-Presbyter's merry Bagpipe, to the Tune of Beheading, Demolishing, Sacrificing, and all the ings and twangs of Clashing Destruction in the established Church and State. No question but this new Fidling Modeller hath promised himself to Screw up his Humanity and Christian Goodness to a higher Pin, to a loftier Cut-throat Elah; and if times would serve his turn, to change this Fast into a Festival: If his Dissenting Discord and Schismatical Squeak would take, and tickle the Asses Ear to his Auditory, 'tis Cross and Pile whether the sweet Tantony-Pig-Israelite, would not leave his Whining Raptures, and Braying in Predestinarian Ecstasies, and then Sing us a joyful elevated *Venite, Exultemus*, instead of a sobbing Air, sad Obit, or mournful Ditty (as p. 22. he hints, *our Psalms and Matins upon this occasion, are no Holier than Ballading-stuff, or Bell-man's Anthem*) for the horrid, barbarous, and deplorable Murther of our most Gracious, Learned, Pious KING. This is he that would *Hallelujah* his God for the most execrable Villany on the Thirtieth of January; and Veil *White-Hall* with a Mourning and Sable Hue, Weep, and bewail with a disconsolate Humiliation, the happy and peaceable Restoration on the Twentieth Ninth of May. This is he that would have adorned the temples of that Head which the Predecessors of his Jack-Catch-Kidney cut off with Bayes, and have trapped King Charles the Second's Equipage with Cypress, Owling with the hideous Screeches of Grief, that he should survive the Fate of a Martyr, or return in the Triumph of an Unanimous Joy, State, and loud Huzzas of his Welcoming Subjects. His whole Drift centers,

ters, either totally to *subvert* our Ecclesiastical Government, or at least to *invert* the Decent Order and Religious Administration of it; and I cannot solve this Knot or Dilemma, whether he would throw the Church out at the Windows, or turn her admirable, not (as in his good natur'd *Reveries* and Enthusiastick Convulsion) superstitious Constitutions *topse turvy*, like *Passus's* Picture of the Horse in *Lucian*, with its Heels up-bank; for he is very Angry that the People should be so much Priest-ridden, p. 9. It is a monstrous Imagination, or wonderful Fancy of his, to represent the Vicar and his Parishioners as one great incorporated Centaur. 'Tis storied that *Vannini* had a wicked Design of insinuating that there was *no God*, by his weak proving that there was *One*; and of propagating as well as confirming Atheism, and a disbelief of a Deity, by his slender Arguments alledged for its Being and Existence: Our Pamphleteer is much in the same Predicament with this sly *Pernicioso*, though with a different Design perhaps; for he hath done his good *Old Cause* infinitely more *hurt* than good by his impertinent *Ramble*, and Cobweb-reasoning, which may Catch Flies, some silly Bigotted Zealots; but a Hornet must presently break thorough it, and the People of stronger Sense and abler Learning it can never *bold* or *insnare*: He hath taken a World of pains to Spin out the Thred of a *senseless* as well as *breathless* Discourse to inodiate our Reformation; but I must add to no greater purpose than to show us in effect, what Weak *Hinges* the Bosom-principles of their beloved Dissention, Singularity, and Peevishness do turn. My Author's dissembling *Innuendo's* of his Charity, in acknowledging that the Fact was an *Horrid Murther*, *Execrable*, as *Black as Words can make it*, p. 1. can be no *Blind* of his Obloquy and Calumny to the Eye of the

the unprejudiced World, after I have *unmasked* his Countenancing of it, set his traducing indignities against the solemn Commemoration of it *bare-faced*, unclothed the Wolf, and shown his true Complexion; for I protest, he is an *ugly-squinting-wide-mouth'd Fellow*, as ever I met with in all my *Pamphleteering Travels*. Herein he deals with the Martyr like School-Boys; first he *stroaks* his grave Beard, Memory, and future Glories, declaring p. 3. *That he believes God shewed him Mercy; that the taking away his Life was an ill thing; and that the loud and crying sin of Blood-guiltiness defiles a Land: He might have said, defiled this Land.* But afterwards he is a Rogue and a Rascal, Arraigned by him as a Malefactor, and Justice was executed upon the Guilty: Just so they *Flaunce* and Cutty their School-Fellows for a piece of Apple, or a play-thing: He's very apt, and hath his *Accedence* at his Fingers-ends; and in the unsuccessful Event, they tell him he's a *Jackanapes*, and a *Blockhead*. How much Dust was beat out of the Cushion at St. Mary le Bow the last Thirtieth of January to fully the Face of the Martyr's Government, some of the August Assembly may be Conscious, if the Chair be Oblivious. With what a deal of irreverend Dirt was his sal'n Crown bespattered; such usage a disaffected Gentleman, or perjured Villain, may meet with from the Hands of the tender-hearted Mob; and it is merciful enough if the latter does not pay the Excise of his Ears too: But would one have thought such Kennel-indignities and Reproach, the very Ammunition of the Streets could be *spewed* up from the Mouth of a Man of God, on a Sovereign, whose Fall and Dissolution was Violent, Inhumane, Unnatural: His Sermon's foul, and false Aspersions sound more like the Accents of Rotten Eggs than the Rhetoric of a Divine's Compassion, or the humbling Ora-
tory

tory of a Pulpit for a Sin that is not yet Dumb, but still groans out, and pronounces *Wo* unto us *Achitophel's*, that we have sinned, and us *Shimei's*, that without remorse we still Curse the King. Let me Query with him in his own phrase ; *Did that Prince hazard his Crown, not out of Charity to relieve his Country, but from a desire to oppress it, and so died the Martyr of his own Folly ?* p. 2. *Was his decollation a Judgment brought upon him by his own Sins ?* p. 2. *Was his Practice, or Course of Justice like Jehoiakim's, which brought Ruin upon his own House, Misery upon his Kingdom, and Infamy upon his Name ; insomuch that we ought by God's own Example, to forbid any Lamentation for his Death, or decent Burial to be bestowed on his Body ?* p. 9. *Were Flatterers and Parasites his Favorites ; or did he Crumble his People into Factions ? Did that good and peaceable Josiah whet the Anger of Judah against Benjamin, or Benjamin against Judah ? Was Sycophantry or Tumultuary Broils his Delight, or those Sins which were the Natural and Specifick Causes of that respective Punishment ; or if I do not wrest his Sense, Was he a Monarch easily gullified, and ought to have had his Head in his Hand for being so ?* p. 4. 17. *Did he aspire to an Arbitrary or Despotick Tyranny, which began those Complaints, Heats, and Tumults in the Hearts of his Subjects ; or was that Spark innocently and excusably kindled, which set the Nation on Fire, and which nothing but the Blood of their King could Extinguish ?* p. 22. This Point in former Controversie, hath been so clearly given and determin'd against Mr. St---n's Sentiments, that Ben Johnson's *Inigo Lanthorn's*, squeeking it is not so, in a Dispute with his Puppet in a *Bartholomew-Fair*, may be a very satisfactory and decisive Answer here. My Application of his hints is proper and natural, else he flourishes up a Discourse into Idea's of Scripture, and to apply them to any other times

times than those Chronicled of *Josiah*, is to *Wiredraw* them ; and then the *Anniversary Occasion* is merely Notional and Chimerical, meaning no more of King *Charles's* Death, than of *Sancha Pancha's* being toss'd in a Blanket : Therefore whether he had rather be censured for *impertinency* and *shuffling off* the solemn occasion, and the Injunction of Holy Church ; or Calumniating and *maligning* that Prince's Actions, I leave him to choose: To play fast and loose with his Function, perhaps may be his *interest*, and interest his *Oracle*. His Living may be his *Delphos*, and Pluralities his *Tripos*, which the powerful *Rhetorick* of Satan *staggers* the Conscience to preserve, as the Devil acted in defence of his Oratory, when he raised a Tempest of Sand, and choaked those *Persians* therewith who were sent to over-turn the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, *Ra. Hist. p. 384*. What a noise of late, *Pulpit-thumping* hath made on Holidays, set times of *Festivity*, *Fasts*, and all solemn Occasions, to *deafen* us that we should not hear the Sobs, Shrieks, and Sighs of a languishing and sinful Nation ? What *Odiums* and Disparagement have been *Pamphleted* from the Press upon that King's Prudent Administration of Affairs, which had winded up both Church and State to an Eternal Settlement, if *Matchivillian* Statesmen, and new Projectors of a Hydra-headed Government had not unraveled the whole *Clue*, to conduct themselves through the Labyrinth of their own crooked Fancies and Novelties, to King the Mobile or Multitude, and *Crown* their Sovereign Lord the People ? And all this is harangued to *depreciate* the *guilt* of imbruing our Hands in the Blood of God's Vicegerent, by vilifying his Reason and Honour as a Man, his Religion and Virtues as a Christian, and his Goodwill and Justice to his Subjects as a King : For verily

to retort Mr. *St---n's* own Words, with a little variation upon himself: *He, while he seems to bewail the Wound, seems also to justify the Hand that Struck and gave it*; or at least, not to be over-passionately concerned for his Death.

This Digression is pardonable in all the Rules of *Complaisance*; for now I have shook Hands with my Author's Cousin German, and (may it please his Eldership) would it not have been Rude not to have passed a Complement on so near a Relation of his by the way?

However, let me avoid the wonted Fatigue and Prolixity of the Brothers of the Cloak, and the Cheveril-lung'd Tedioufness of the Brawlers of the *Amsterdam-Cut* and *Querpo*, while I study *Brevity*; and I must Preface thus much to my Reader, that my intended Aim is as much to tread Antipodes to their *long-windedness*, as to their mischievous Politicks; though to Counter-policy their plotting Policies, to *Countermine* their undermining Wheedle, Juggle, and *Dark-Lanthorn-Contrivances* against Kingly, as well as Church-Power, was a Task worthy a Man of Letters and Piety, a Province worthy Dr. *Nalson*. The obscure Stratagems of *Tub-arians* I hate, since God hath said *Fiat Lux*. How they have maliced us, and tricked us, one while Acting Comedians in Religion, and *Frothing Jack-Puddings* Banter upon us; another while acting in good earnest Tragedians in Justice, *dear-bought* Experience hath taught us; and whereas not only the freedom and quiet, but the advancement of Presbytery to a *topping* Pitch, is the *Mark* which their Consciences, bent to the highest, shoot at, it will be no rash Confidence, or shrewd Conjecture in me to assign their Charity, Justice, and Truth no other Being, like the Philosophers *Hircocervus*, or *first matter*, but in *Terms*.

I am

I am amazed at the Negligence or *Supineness* of our most *Orthodox Clergy* at this Juncture; certainly they are not wrapt up in Gown and Cassock for Sleep and Repose: Were they the greatest *Lurdans*, methinks the *Bawl* of unlearned Opinions, and Scandalous both to the Palace and See, lately broached on the Thirtieth of *January*, might have awakened them into a Militant Vigilance before *May*, and roused the *Levitical Slug* from Ease and Idleness, to have defeated the illiterate Force of a few *Presbyterian Scriblers*, before they should Form a more Numerous and Formidable *Rapparism*; if their *Mobility* once get a Head, it will be hard to disperse them: If an Enemy is suffered to come in upon us, he may easily Wrestle us into his Mercy, and the Melancholy Stander-by, may see us thrown at their Will and Pleasure into *Socinianism*, *Arianism*, *Anabaptism*, *Calvinism*, *Common-wealthism*, or any other *Heretical-ism*, to the utter Abolition of our *Communion*, or downfall, ruin, and *Rubbish* of the *Fundamentals* as well as Ceremonies of our *Religion* and *Devotion*. With Joy and Congratulation I allow the great *Daniel B-----s*, (his God's mighty intimate and Chrony, or Election-Huckster to his *Cullied* Disciples, for having made them Cry with the hard words of Hell and Damnation, he *Spices* their Tears with softer Language, and *Sugar-plumbs* the Whimpering Elect into Patience) the Liberty of Conscience; but let our Bishops and Pastors look to it, whether he, or some of the same Herd with that Bell-wether of Schism, makes Conscience of that Liberty. I do not deny those Spirits of Faction, the gracious and pacificatory Favour of the State; for that Power can only Exorcise, or lay the *Légion* thus: But then let their Preachments move within their own Orb, and the Sweet-Singer-of *Israel Humm* and *Buzz* within his own Sphere,

Sphere, and *Sternhold* it no further ; for when an ambitious *Genius*, and a hot, aspiring, and *flaming* Perswasion is emboldened, or hurried aside into an Eccentric Motion, it is dangerous, and must, with *Partridges* leave, preface a *Civil Combustion* ; and by the courteous Condescension of a State-Prophet, or Chimney-Augur, must foretell a *smoking* disaster, and doleful Eclipse of the Radiant Meridian Lustre of the Gospel that shines now among us only with *refracted* Beams in *England*. Must we give ground to these Onsets though they be Frivolous ? What a little *scar* or *flaw* in the Face hath turned to a Canker, so that *Incisions*, Amputations, and all the Skill of Chirurgery could not work the *Cure* ? Must we give way to the Accomplishment of these deplorable Gulphs or Chasms, and not retard the great Ends of little sly Designs ? Trivial and Pigmy-means have executed the vastest and most Giant-intentions : And the most insignificant Creature a Pismire, could vent it's *Spleen* upon the Eagle's Eggs, even in *Jupiter's Lap* ; we have the Moral here. Must we finally *retreat* into Silence ? I hope it is but to *Rally* with powerfuller *strefs* of Argument and Confutation ; inasmuch, that our Faithful Clergy in a total *Rout* of the *Achilles*, and all his *Myrmidon's* or *Emmets* of Presbytery, may be Crowned with the *Trophies* of Unity, Amity, Uniformity, and the Blessing of Peace ; or, if this be too *Hostile* an *Alarm*, may they give 'em a more *amicable* Battel, and Accept the Dissenters, those *Banditi*, Moss-Troopers, and Rapparees of Religion, their Overtures or *Capitulations* for *Surrendring* themselves honourably to our Conquering Communion and Winning Liturgy. Then may Whig and Tory Kiss each other, and Righteousness and Peace will flourish in our Land. My greatest *Utinam* is, that I were able to Book that Glorious.

rious *Pacificatorium*, or happy *Eirenicon* in these distracted times, which might universally reconcile our differences, and *heal* our Breaches beyond *Festering* or *Relapse*.

Upon these Considerations, I could not hold from *wagging* my *Finger* in this Quarrel ; I have only played the Scout, I confess, and told the Army of our Church of the approach of an Enemy : Surprise is half a Victory. Though it be not the Province of a Lay-Man, yet may it Excite and *Fan* some Nobler Soul in our Hierarchy, to Breath out a warmer Discourse upon this Topick. What other Character can be given of the *Capricio's*, Ignorance, Self-conceit and Love, Presumption and *Bigotry* of our Dissenting Brethren, but that they shuffle and *pack* all Religion and secular Rule up into singular Chimera's, subtle Maggoticism, zealous Phrenies or Whimsies, and have Cynical-Gnostical Idea's of Temporal and Spiritual *Regimen*. They are industriously busied Tooth and Nail, *Pen* and *Tongue*-concerned for a regulated Employment, and a just or holy Exercise of Gown and Sword ; but then all is huddled together, *Omnium gatherum*, into Confusion and Barbarism ; and all our Chronicles can aver, how at last they were fain to leave the Reformed *Hotch-potch* they had made of Church and State in an indigested and chaos'd *humble-jumble*.

It is not long ago since our Nation was uncrowned, unmanned, and I may say, unchristianed too, and in a manner *dis-elemented* by those Brick-layers of *Babel* : The wisest of our Forefathers foresaw clearly then (and pray what should Infatuate or Blind their Progeny ?) that it was too weighty a Work for a Hub-bub of *Massanello's*, or Mob of Mechanicks, to New-vamp Monarchy and Episcopacy better. They aimed at something,

thing, but the Lord knows what ; for we had like to have disappeared, and Vanished into the Old Nothing and Disorder ; yet at long-run, nothing but the Restoration of *Majesty in Misery and Exile*, or a joynt Monarchical and Episcopal *Fiat* could reduce the City and Countrey's Tolly-Polly, hoite cum toire-management of Affairs, Exotick and Domestick Commerce, Protection, Subjection, Liberty, and Property, to pristine Beauty and Form : And He being Dead, yet *speaketh*, and most truly *divined*, *That GOD would not suffer those long to prosper in their Babel, who Builded it with the Bones, and Cemented it with the Blood of their Kings*, p. 241.

Ex. Bæc. Now what would these *Mole-workers* be at throwing up Dust and Mould in their Gracious Majesties Vineyard, to put out the Eyes of Justice in their *Courts*, (which for another reason, the Smart whereof such *Eye-sores* deserve to feel, is painted Blind) and of Religion, Conscience, and Prerogative in their *Cathedrals* ? How unable are the Arts and Abilities of Handicraft, the sagacities of the Fraternity of the sanctified Awl or Loufe-stabbing-launce, the Qualifications of Religious Button-makers, and the Wits of the Company of inspired Manufacturers, to New-model this Illustrious Government to compleater Perfection, or Consummation of Glory and Renown ? In short, we are pestered with a Crowd of Busie-bodies, who are minded to *Sow* all the *Tares* they can in the Kingdom, and put us to the trouble of *Weeding* : Or, like Monckies, that steal away when they have broke those *Glasses* they cannot mend again, they do all the Mischiefe and *Havock* in the power of a Hurly-Burly, fomenting *Jealousies*, *Piques*, and *Murmurings*, and at last flingingly Sneak into an Auger-hole, Coblers-stall, or Loom-shop.

'Tis

'Tis true of the urgers of Tub and Table-end Controversies what was otherwise applied, that they are the Phaetons of Mankind, who *Fire* that *Nation* which they would seem by their *spiritsful* Emotions and Haranguing Heats but to *Warm*. And sincerely I cannot esteem them the best affected People to this present Government, since, when their Republican Zeal is inflamed into Revenge, what can quench it, but the Blood of an Archbishop, and their King too: If their privileges, inclosures, communities, immunities, or Libertinism be intrenched upon; if their Copyhold is *touched* never so slightly, like Tinder they take, and some of them have owned with abundance of *Scotch-Eloquence*, what Incentives have been *ingled* to them. *Vid. Scot. Presb. Elog.* No Bishop, no King, is a *Maxim* might be written in indelible *Purple*, or never to be forgotten Characters of Gore in the Politick Diary of every *British Sovereign*. There are a sort of Antish Men always Piquing at the Bishops; *They must not be the King's Creatures*, p. 17. The Royal Ear must be Deaf to all humble Addresses, but their own Clamorous, Treacherous, and *Judas-salutes* or Complements; whereas I never knew them Minions or Tools of Government, but Episcopacy Nodded, and Monarchy was *Crushed* with its Fall, and Crumbled into a *Democracy*, or Committee of the least Safety and Preservation of publick Good.

It is by these steps that Old Arts advance and *picqueer* to our Dementation and Overthrow; when Envy and Haughtiness seek *innovations* by Faction, and publish their inward frettings and *gallish* Commotions against the Annual Commemoration of the Notorious *Murder* of a Prince, have a care of dis-robing Majesty again, and bringing it in *Presbyterian* Pomp to the Block: An *English* Monarch should by a kind of Royal Sympathy, Tremble,

Tremble, Shrink, and *Spurn*; and his Crown Totter at the approach of a Regicide: And if *Ludlow* tread near upon the Heels of Regal Power or Presence, it is pity but he had his Teeth or Brains dash'd out of his Head for his *murdering* Audacity. Such Villains have *Scaffolds* erected in their Breasts, and if Colour and Occasion offer themselves fairly, they are presently screwed up before *Whitehall-gate* too: Some of the same *48-Coy. Impostors*, and Rebellious Traytors, could with Heart and Hand *Prologue* to the like Bloody Tragedy anew, under the *gulling* Pretence of reforming Religion and Policy, and God knows in what King's Reign we might sing the Epilogue or *Chorus* the Exit. I much question whether the *Axe* be yet laid aside since my Author would have us to forget and forgive that fatal *Blow* before time hath *rusted* the Weapon that gave it, and made us all truckle to Cruelty and a State of Force, as if the Loyal Cavaliers had all had but one Neck, and *Nero* had executed his Wish: And does he *crochet* that five and forty Years are sufficient to *Stanch* the Issue or Sea of that *Royal Blood*? My Veins tell me without Lunacy, it still *flows* upon this Nation, and threatens it with a *deluge* of Destruction; and what can keep it at an Ebb, or divert the Menaces of Calamity from inundating upon us, but Fasting and Prayer? What can *stem* it but the exorated Mercy of an Almighty? Does he think Christianity, and the memory of his Decollation ought to have *expired* with the King on the Theatre of his Death, or that the Sin crying for Vengeance, and no sooner committed, but recorded in the *Rolls* of an Omnipotent Fury, should be *staged* over only in Shew, and no better than a *Play-house-reality*? Ought God's Anger and his Princely Innocence to have been buried together in the Grave of an ignoble *Oblivion*? How should we *wipe*
off

off that *Stain* of so deep a *Dye*, when the Abettors of that Murder lewdly touch his sacred Tomb, and their *guilt* of inhumanity makes him *bleed afresh*? How should we assuage that Sin's *deep-mouth'd* roar for Punishment and Epidemical Penalties, when Fanatical Billows do but Swell the *Tide* and Rage of it higher? Is Beheading a King no Barbarity, killing him a malignant, no Murder? From such Principles *Libera nos Domine*; and he that denies this Litany, is not to be confuted without a Rope, or convinced till he comes to a Tyburn-confession; and how should he have the benefit of Old Neck-saving-Legit for such an Offence, when at the same time he denies Scripture, and renounces his Faith with God and his King? But our Author *Opinionates*, that Trespases of the *first magnitude* might be forgotten as well as Petit Injuries forgiven? Is a King a Mushroom that *grows* up in a Night, and must be *pickled* in his own Blood the next Morning? Or if you bid him Good Morrow, must he be *lopt* off in the *dawn* of his Youth? Is he like an *Insect* of some few Warm and *Calm* Days duration, but a *Storm* comes, and then he no sooner *Dies*, but he must be Rotten too, and the Memory of him ought to be but an *Ephemeron*, forgotten, and *annihilated* as soon as he is *dissolved* and *interr'd*?

At this Period my Author may think I should recover my self with one of his lusty *Humphs*; and give him leave to turn the *Hour-glass* of his Life, and *Lownry* once again: And so I do, Good-fellow, as often as he pleases. But I must now descend to Particulars, and consider his Observations more concisely and a *propos*. Every *Thirtieth* of *January* doth renew his thoughts yearly upon the occasion of that day; and surely puts him all in a *posher*: He is almost out of Breath at first *Start*, and Salutes the World *puffing* and Blowing with two Cardinal

nal Winds of Doctrine. *The thing*, says he, *hath two several Aspects*. He always Things the *Martyrdom*, just as Men do *that* in Conversation which they hate to *Name*. However well spied, *Janus*; this is the Luck of having *two Faces*: Hypocrisie is *Cat-eyed*, and sees *nine ways at once*. For either it looks upon the *Act* of some Men against the living, or upon what others have done, and still do for the Dead: The former is unlawful, and the latter contrary to true Religion.

First, Why Unlawful? It vexes his Righteous Soul, and exasperates his Spirits to an Inveteracy against, and hatred of the *Pulpit*, to be told from it of the *Failings* and Cruelties of his Party, as much as a Sermon against *High-Commoding* and *Top-Knotting*, *stomachs* my *Lady-all-pride*: It touches him in the most *sensible* part, and Wounds him in an *Old Sore*; it makes the Gall in his *Bars* overflow; and do you think Christianity can *Brutise* him into the harmlesness of a Dove, or that he is as *manned* as a Stoick or Apathist, not to be incensed if you disgorge his loathsome Actions, and Spit the *Filth* of his own Principles in his *Face*? He hath a *Magazine* of *Blocks*, *Halters* and *Gibbets* for such *Consecrated* *Affronts*, or Church-bred Rudenesses; and the Parson may read a *Wish* in his *Phys*s, that he could Hang him with his *Looks*. Do we imagine he should esteem himself a welcom Guest, or that a Hospitable Roof under which his National Crimes are always *raucously* thrown in his Dish, and he is uncharitably asked, what his *Cannibal-Appetite* says forsooth, to a King's Head for the last Course? Alas for the mischievous adage! *Senes bis pyri*, and the *gray-headed-Child*, or *hoary Elder-sprig* is *bug-beared* away from our Church with *Raw-Head* and *Bloody bones*. Is not all this unlawful? Are not such *harsh* and unpleasant Practices to be revenged of with Schism.

Schism and Faction? Are not those Pulpit-Panegyricks on King CHARLES's memorable Vertues and *Invectives* against the Regicide, enough to *unsheath* the Civil Sword, and set the whole Kingdom at *Daggers-drawing*? Well, since he despairs of Reforming our Oratories from such *netling* Harangues, his resolve is to be no longer an any-thing-Arian, but a *thorow-pac'd* Dissenter; Such a Revenge I remember a certain Town-fool hath always in his Mouth, if any of his *Allowance-masters* or *Almoners* vexeth him, he will not come to his *Doors* for a Week afterwards; *He'll sit him there.* But hark, our Master of Reason! *It were better to forget those things than to renew the Memory of them, which continues Divisions.* Is this Christian Logick; were it better to wrap up our Gospel-talents in an idle Napkin of Silence and Oblivion, than to Preach and Evangelize the *Jews* out of the Pale of the Christian Church? The *Sequel* is, we must never hope to *Profelyse* them by Reproof, or telling them of their Sins. Unity in Religion sounds much of Heaven, its Harmonious Hierarchy, and the Bliss of Souls-separate; it *Images* GOD to us on Earth, and our Church might have shown as fair a Stamp of that *triumphant* Glory and Celestial Amity as any in *Christendom*, if the irreconcilable *Vagaries*, gross-carnal Novelties, and intestine *Contrasts* of such Whimsical Religions, as he, had not *mangled* and *Scarr'd* the Beauty of her Holiness, had not *Split* her into Divisions and Subdivisions, to the *Wreck* of the precious Cargo of her Unity and Purity, and made her altogether *Militant* with the Fry of Sectaries. The *Division* he imputes to the *keeping* an *Anniversary*, is an *Idol* of his own making and continuance, and he meerly slaves himself with Bandyng about his own Principle. Novelty is the *Dalilah* he Hugs and Embraces till he's betrayed into

Division and Weakness, and then the *Sampson's* strongest Efforts cannot *shoulder* down our Church.

He Cries out against Divisions and giving Offences, as the Impudentest Crack about Town usually Exclaims, Lord ! The Impudence of some Women ! When no Brothel-House-Pander is able to Match Pimping and Prostitution with her. It is the Bawd's own Jealousie that makes her cry Whore first. What Divisions can this Day of Humiliation enlarge or continue, but *those* the Espousers whereof dethroned and vanquished Majesty to a Grave, sacrificed it to Popular Fury, and left the Sin of their Victory *unsubdued*, and their Rebellious Error *unrecanted* by some of their Posterity to this day ? Would they revoke that signal Wickedness, and demonstrate their Repentance with an Equal Popularity, they should *Confederate* their Prayers with us, to deprecate the respective Punishment and Vengeance of it. 'Tis true, the most Languishing Devotions and Ejaculatory *Sighs* cannot restore to Life, or remedy what is past ; the weeping of a *Jesus* could only give poor *Lazarus* a Glorious and Extraordinary Resurrection on Earth : But our Tears somewhat sincerer than the Crocodile's, may perhaps Avert the Judgment which hath not yet discharged its self in *Plague* or *Fire* upon the present Fautors of that Rebellion, the *Witchcraft* and very *primus mobile* of our Divisions : *Witchcraft*, I say ; and the belief of a Wrath impending, like *Democles's* Sword, must be the chief Spell against our further *Incantation*.

His Head was severed from his Body, and not with *Pelem's* *Hasta* that could Wound and Heal ; I wonder at my Author's Plain-dealing here among all the Salvo's of *Commonwealth-Laws*, that he does not play the Sorcerer with us, or give us a touch of his *Medea's* Skill, and say

say he was only killed like *Aeson*, to renew his declining Youth and Regal Vigour.

But after Acts of Oblivion for such things are passed, the memory thereof ought to be forgotten, p. 2. Is he assured that that Act is *ingrossed* in the Book of Life, or that an Omniscient Mercy hath Recorded our Indemnity? By what Angel, and to whom below was the Bill Winged down, and our Pardon delivered? How neatly would he plead Prescription to God's Justice at the highest Tribunal, against the Penalty of a Sin, or in an Arrest of Judgment, and to stay its infliction? What a *Westminster-madness* is this to pretend an Injunction against the Proceedings of an Invisible and Incontroulable Judicature? Must we presumptuously *fobb* a forgetfulness upon the Mercy-seat above? Such an impenitent Presumption or Demurrer is most likely to hasten the Execution of God's Wrath and Justice. What! Are Five and Forty Years, or a Thousand, (which are to him but as one, and the shortest day in thy Almanack) time out of Memory with Heaven and its Omniscience? Certainly National Punishments are Relative to, and intailed upon National Sins; and what should cut off that entail from our otherwise forlorn Posterities, but a solemn Anniversary Repentance, and a repeated Renunciation of those Religious Divisions which tintured and imbrued the Hands of their peccant Fore-elders in the Sanguine Laver of Cruelty? The River *Lethe* cannot take out the Stains of their Honour and Perswasion. A penitent Revocation of their mistaken Politicks, must *un-negro* and dealbate their grim actions, and nothing else can blanch o're the bloss in the Escutcheon of their Convert-Assemblies. No; how fain would the *Pilate wash* his Hands of Innocent Blood, and forget the dictates of his own Conscience to please a par-

a party? Is the Sin *expiated*; is the Crime *atoned* for? or that Butchery of the Prince of our Worldly Peace and darling of our Church's *militant success* and temporal Felicity (who had no more Justice than the Shambles allow a Calf, or the Slaughter-House an Oxe.) forgiven? Must we now let him lye *buried* with the Burial of an Ass, and not Eccho his Obsequies down to coming Loyalty? Must *lying Infamy*, and some Men's foulest Obloquies deface his best Features, deform the most Beautiful of his Actions, or Contempt and Forgetfulness stick upon his Blessed Memory? Must future Ages have no Nobler Tradition of his *goodness* and *justice*, than what the bitter *Sarcasm* or old taunt of *Execution* can convey to them, or *immortalize*, --- *Satia te sanguine, Cyrequem sisisti*? Hitherto my Author hath been making his Pastime, or a Game of King Charles's Death, and the *upshot* is, that *its enough* once for all really and heartily to have done: His Tongue-ty'd Malice would not let him speak out *to have celebrated the Martyrdom with a Devotional remembrance*; after that it degenerates into *Formality* and *Foppery*. This is the *re Quintessence* of our mighty-regenerate, and a would-be-Puritan: If he once makes us Formalists in Divinity, we are his Lads of Wax, and our next Impression shall be *Presbytery*.

Here he prescribes the Performance for our Dead Sovereign; and makes no more of his Government, Actions, *Suspiria Regalia* in Troubles, *Tragical Sufferings* on the Stage of his Life, or Memory of all this than of a Play or Noisy Farce, which never took in the *Pit* or *Gallery* of the World, and being once *damned* is never to be *acted* over again. But why once for all, why so precise and punctual to Unite? The most effectual method he can take to make us leave swallowing Formalities, Superstitions, and drinking those Dregs of Popery

Popery ('as he mis-calls our Ceremonial Worship) will be the same way the *Grocer's Boy* is Cured of his Eating Plumbs, when we have had our *Belly full of them*: Let him take *Selden's probatum* for't. As for him, we never hope to see his *Covenant-maw* cloyed with Seditious Doctrines, He digests Novelties so fast, and loves *Varieties* so well.

I wonder his *Perswasion* like his *Palate*, should not Relish any thing *Twice* which he grants to be *Wholsome* and Innocent *once*, but *Extempore Repetitions*, and Fulsome Tautologies, wherewith their whole Service is stuffed like Beef, and larded like-Bacon; the same thing over and over through the whole *Piece*.

Secondly, *It is contrary to true Religion to keep the Thirtieth of January*: This is the *Scare-crow* that keeps the Rook out of our *Vineyard*. First our Church's Appointments and Solemnities widen the *Breach* of Christian Union, and then we run quite counter to the whole *Tenure* of true and sound Religion; just as a Nurse cries to the Child, *pah, pah*, when she would not have it touch a thing it hath a mind to Eat; so he frights his *Infant-Converts*, telling 'em they must not go to the Church, there's no good Food for their Souls; whereas perhaps neither of them could study or prescribe a more suitable and salutary Repast for either Constitution. This grand *Charge* he groundlessly advances to bring us down to his *Lure*; and does he think we hover in an *Airy* Religion, and are to be inveigled and captivated, like a Company of silly giddy Larks? Are we turned like *Weather-cocks*, with an empty Puff of Doctrin? Is our Faith as unstable as *Rushes*, not to abide the weakest Shock and Gale of a Discourse *unshaken*? Surely himself could have no good Opinion of such easie Profelytes. Fly Irreligion and Idolatry; this
Call

Call sounds sweetly, like the *Hyana's* Voice if it were not counterfeited, to allure us out of the Church and the *Grotto* of our Peace, to the Destruction of Ecclesiastical Power and Tranquility ; if her ravishing Inticements call forth the *Shepherd*, she devours him in the *Decoy*, and then the *Orphaned Flock* must go astray.

King *Charles*, with a judicious Foresight, hath given a brave Counter-Cuffe to our round-head-Disputant in his Meditation upon the Ordinance against the Common-Prayer-Book. Here's a Rowland for his Oliver : *It is no News to have all Innovations ushered in with the Name of Reformation in Church and State by those who seeking to gain Reputation with the vulgar for their extraordinary Parts and Piety, must needs undo whatever was formerly settled never so well and wisely.* And the Words of a King, a Scholar, and an Orator, upon the specious Reformati^ons of those Times, must pierce him to the Bowels of his religious and hypocritical Pretensions. *What Dissolutions of all Order and Government in the Church ; what Novelties of Schisms ; what Undecencies and Confusions in sacred Administrations ; what sacrilegious Invasions upon the Rights and Revenues of the Church ; what Contempt and Oppressions of the Clergy ; what injurious Diminutions and Persecutions of me have followed (as Showers do warm Gleams) the Talk of Reformation, all sober Men are Witnesses, and with my self, sad Spectators hitherto ?* And do you know *Hercules* by his Foot again, or a *Lion* by his Paw ? He hath sent his Book abroad as a Jackall, and only wants to grasp his Prey : If we will become his dearly beloved, he will preach *Mince-Pies* and *Custards* to his Babes of *insaluble Grace*, and hugg us ; but then ; just as the *Monkey* does her young ones, squeeze us to Death and *Reprobation* at last. How should we pin our Faith upon his Sleeve, or hang it upon that Cloak, and hope to scale the

the Battlements of Heaven, when *Bur--st* tells us it is so easily *unbuttoned*, and then we drop the Lord knows whither, not into a *Sav-pit*, but a bottomless Hell? Then we must take an eternal Swing of falling, undergo a worse *Agony*, and have *harder Language*, or a terrible *Bruit* than we had in *Daniel's Den*. His Party rails against our Church-Power as my Tippling *Hostess* does against *Caudles* and *Burnt-Claret* that comes a Day after the Gossipping *Fare*, and can get none of it; for I am of the Lord *Lauder dal's* Opinion, That we might stop any of their *mouths* with a Bishoprick. Himself talks as much of Religion and our Differences, as the Cowardly Bully does of Roaring, Hectoring, and Fighting, and much to the same *Humour*; for neither of them do ever lend a *Hand* to decide a Quarrel, or endeavour a *Pacification*, so long as they carry off the *Spoil*; and accommodating the Matter is the least to their Interest, or *Booby* of Pick-Pocketing and Sharping: Yet this I must say for the Champion of Dissention, that he is no Coward or Faint-Heart; for seeing our Church-men together by the Ears about *Stating* the Controversie of Schism and Allegiance, our Adversary fairly and courageously steps up between 'em, and hits 'em both a Box on the Ear, and is resolute in the Scramble to carry away the Bone; and he may call them Mastiffs of Law and Divinity, if he please, I am afraid e're long they'll both be upon the Bear. I would fain know how his *Conventicle-Religion* comes to be the best, purest, and most *Evangelical*. Is it so fine because it hath stood his own Apostolical *Test* or *Refining*, and is of his own Phrantick Brain's *Coining*? I had like to have said *Clipping* too; for he Dutchifies it, and *lops* off all *Ceremonies* as superfluous Branches, or *Prunes* it of all *sapless Decencies*; but I think he hates Circumcision, and

such Ceremonial Trumperies of the Old Law. I could never yet believe the Herald to be the best Gentleman, because he makes his own Pedigree: And the curiousest Blazonry of his Coat shall not convince me of his *Extraction's* being the most Illustrious; I always suspect this Bravo's Escutcheon and Gentility of Descent, and that Man's *Geneva-Bounce* or *Comment* upon the Excellency of his own Profession.

To prove the Antiquity of their *Presbytery*, they misinterpret the word *Presbyter* in the Fathers, and wrest their Sense to make their Profession venerable for its Oldness; so he that delights in Opticks would persuade us, that when *Julius Caesar* came into *England*, he had *Perspective-Glasses*, because it is said, *Papitis Speculis*: Whereas nothing was meant but his Watch or Sentinel that discovered how the Land lay: We are apt to strain any thing to the most incredible Sense that makes for our Opinions, though the *intrinsic Truth* of it be most incompatible with our Inventions and Practices; which is the very Fountain-head of Vulgar Persuasions and Errors: Quote the word (*egg*) out of the most fictitious History, and it sufficiently grounds our Belief of the fabulous Generation of *Castor* and *Helen* out of an Egg, whereas the Word among the *Lacedaemonians* had the Signification of an upper Room only, where they were born and brought up. So let us suppose, for example, the Word (*Egg*) in a Text of Scripture, the *Presbyterian* would interpret it an *Hen-Egg* or *Goose-Egg*, or to be sure such an *Egg* as most suited the *Relish* of his Persuasion, Novelty, or Spirit and Pleasure of contradicting another human *Gloss*. As for the divine Right and Institution of their modern *Presbytery*, Mr. *Selden* facetiously and comically *table-talks* him thus, *When the Quakers were sent to the Assembly concerning the Jus Divinum of Presbytery*

Presbitery ; their asking Time to answer them was a Satyr upon themselves : For if it were to be seen in the Text, they might quickly turn to the Place and shew us it. Their delaying to answer, makes us think there's no such thing there. They do just as you have seen a Fellow do at a Tavern-reckoning, when he should come to pay his Reckoning, he puts his Hands into his Pockets, and keeps a grabbling and a fumbling, and shaking, at last tells you he has left his Money at home; when all the Company knew at first, he had no Money there, for every Man can quickly find his own Money. He and I have both our Religion no doubt; and like a Fashion, he wears his Doublet Plain, I mine Fringed: We have both a Doublet, that's plain; we differ about Trimming. It is strange, that we should Rend and Tear our Saviour's Garment into so many Scraps and Pieces as are Cabaged from a New Suit of Cloathes, and all upon the Account of the Figure and Mode of Professing it seemless, and unjustly parted. Is it Taylor's work to take Measure of our Souls, or alter and decide our Religion, because we are utterly at odds about the Shape of it? Surely nothing can fit well or handsomely upon such monstrous, jarring, and unsymmetrical Members.

Will they still persevere in ignorant Obstinacy, and differ from us in Religion and Unity of Performance with the same Singularity as they do in their Habits; and with less Reason too? Will not this suffice, that it is not *A-la-mode du Parée*, except it be of, a *Geneva-Starchiness*, and as stiff from *Bowing* to the Altar, and Complying with our Ceremonies, as the Inflexible Old Sultan in *Tapestry-Statue*? None of us believe the Altar to be God, or a *Wooden Deity*, any more than he believes the Carnal *Anthropomorphistry* of him. He

can *Duck* and *Bow*, and make his *Honours*, as well as any Master of Ceremony among us, to secular Grandeur and Quality ; and why not to the God of his Worship in any Place, or at any Time, in Reverence to his Omnipresence ? Yes ; but *the People of England, like those of Athens in St. Paul's days, in this thing of the Martyrdom are too Superstitious* ; and he gives us the *Rhetorical Height* of an aggravated Reason for't : *In that Service we pray to God he will be pleased to give us the Grace to follow that Man's Charity and Patience ; surely in this we are too Superstitious. Now time, place and service being appointed, next thing for us to do will be to Pray to him.* How gladly would he *malice* us into Popery ? *Humane Literature* always honoured Good Men, and Noble Heroes, with an Apotheosis after their *Departure* ; but the Man of Letters tells us, Poetry is Popery : Surely he judges by the Ear, and it is a good one that never mistakes the *Jangling* of a pair of *Tongs*, for the Musical Sound of the *Harp-strings*. His *Organ* is mightily indisposed, and his *Perception* is false ; he talks without Book, as the *Blind-Fidler* plays *Tunes*. Every word *Montrofs* wrote with his *Swords point* on the Monument of King *Charles*, was Popery. Why so ? He *Trumpets* the King's Praise and Eulogy to the World, and sounds an *Alarm* in the Ears of our Preacher of the Gospel of Peace ; and would not this even make a *Cur Whine*, and shake his Head ? This is it provokes him to *grin* and *bark* out Popery, Popery. We cannot talk of him by way of Eminence and Excellence of a Crowned Dignity ; but we forthwith Canonize him, and Calendar him for a Saint, and that's Popery with a Witness : After this rate, a Ladies Beauties must not be commended, lest he twit us with *Romish* Adoration.

for

for our Encomium's, whereas no question but the flattering Letcher could smuggle up a Buxom Sister with his Holy Kisses, and Vow his closer Embraces and Debauch as *Consecrated* as any Priest of 'em all; so his Crape in a Corner be not Babylonish: That's the Whore he would have Carted. But anon we shall Pray to Saint CHARLES: Yes, to be sure when he draws up the Form. Shall we not have Image-Worship too? We have a great many *Joynt-Stools* in our Churches. In a short time a *Tull-Clog* or a *Cart-Wheel* shall not lye by us, but in his *mendacious* Construction we must pay our Devotions to it.

The Countrey-man in *Spain* would not Pray to St. *Nicholas's* Image, because he knew it was made of his own Plumb-Tree; and can his Scholarship believe our Clergy Ignoranter than that *Rusticity*, to Pray to and Adore a mouldring Carcass, or the curiousest Statue? He may as well report to the World that we *Leg*, and *Knee* St. GEORGE upon *Horse-back* at every Sign-post, or that we Kneel down at *Charing-Cross*, or *Stocks-Market*, drop a Bead there, and mutter an AVE for the whole Lump of Brass. If he can pre-engage a transmarine Credulity, he may out-do *Lucian's Historia Vera* with his prolifick Invention of Figment against our *Worship*, and never fear to come to his ingenuous Confession of *Ἐν γὰρ τῇ αὐτῇ ἀληθείᾳ λέγω, ὅτι ψευδῆμαί*, as long as his single Authority can make it pass for current Truth.

This were a Lie, and an *Abuse* within the *Verge* of the Court; and those who insinuate such clam-Romance, would scandalize our Prelacy, and *inodiate* it to the Lowns of the Kirk and Covenant: This Charge is just as unreasonable and foolish as heretofore Images were called.

called Mammets, and Adoration of 'em Mammetry ; (Contractions for *Mahomet* and *Mahometry*) odious Names indeed ; and scandalous ; when all learned Heads knew the Turks were forbidden Images as much as Wine by their Alcoran : So the Laws of our Church severely prohibit Idolatry and Superstition and Blasphemy ; and notwithstanding he says we are all the three, Idolaters, Superstitionists, Blasphemers : Who will believe him then ? Is he lunatick, and must we every *January*-Moon be carressed with his *Palmerine*-Relations, and madly misrepresented with his *Bedlam*-Observations ? We shall not *chat*, write from the *Press*, or *preach* from the *Pulpit* ; but he'll be proclaiming *War* against us for Popery, and *Canonading* our Church with all the *Railery* and *Artillery* of *Presbytery*. No, we shall not walk the Streets e're long, but we shall vent Popery at the other *End* too, and this Fellow will be crying out upon the Stink, when the sweet Savour is all the while under his own Cloak, just as you see one beat a *Dog* out of the room for what is in his Breeches. If we eat *Plumb-Pudding* and *roast-Beef* in a Cooks shoop, he'll perhaps call it a *Papistical Ordinary* ; and, if the Fit of *Enthusiasm* take him, he'll not spare to stay our Stomachs with telling us we *feast* and *gormondize* on our Saviour : And, *Sacrament*, we hold *Transubstantiation* in the *Sir-Loins*. But to leave such Hoghen-Errantry and Vagaries ; a Voider for his Non-sense or Foolery : It is time to take it away. Is it an *irreligious Petition* we put up to Heaven for Grace to follow King *Charles*'s Exemplary Charity and Patience ? Mark his Charity in his Heavenly Soliloquies : *I bless God, I pray not so much that this bitter Cup of a violent Death may pass from me as that of his Wrath may pass from all those, whose Hands, by deserting me, are sprinkled ;*

or by acting and consenting to my Death, are imbrued with my Blood. The Will of God hath confined and contended mine; I shall have the Pleasure of dying without any Pleasure of desired Vengeance. This, I think, becomes a Christian towards his Enemies, and a King towards his Subjects. And he breaths a seraphick Love to his Adversaries elsewhere. The Trophies of my Charity will be more glorious and durable over them, than their religious Rebellion and ill managed Victories over me. Mark his admirable Patience in seeing his Court made a Calvary. O my Soul! Think not that Life too long and tedious, wherein God gives thee any Opportunities, if not to do, yet to suffer with such Christian Patience and Magnanimity in a good Cause, as are the greatest Honour of our Lives, and the best Improvements of our Deaths. Farther, in the Language of his own Soul in Solitude, his Christian Courage and Patience found in a sweet Comfort. The Assaults of Afflictions may be terrible, like Sampson's Lion, but they yield much Sweetness to those that dare to encounter and overcome them; who know how to over-live the Witherings of their Gourds without Discontent or Peevishness, while they may yet converse with God. All his Languishment was incomparable, and the King of Terrours could not un-king him of Meekness and Vertue: His Charity was as unparallel'd as his Case was to die; his Heroick Spirit and Greatness of Mind in forgiving a prosperous Injustice was as unimitable, as it could be none but the Result of his own Goodness. Now the Devil's raised, here's the Spirit of Contradiction: What a Stir is here with an 'Εἰκὼν Βασιλική? A Brat which King Charles must Father (forsooth) because it looks like him. What Noise with this great Diana of Kingly Wisdom and Innocence upon the Stage of Infidelity? He hath an 'Εἰκὼν Μορδαίου to Mobb upon that, and its very likely Milton's

ton's Ghost conjured him to a disbelief of its *supposed* Princely Authority. The Book must be Dr. *Gauden's*, and the truest Pourtraiture of his Majesty was really drawn upon the Scaffold.

One would have thought the *Vindicia Carolina* written by a Person of Primitive Learning and Integrity, might have disabused him, and undeceived him of the *Bubble*, satisfactorily proving it to have been the genuine product of that Royal Brain ; and he must be an otherguise Man than Dr. *Walker*, who now Controverses the *Legitimacy*, or so much as surmises the *Spuriousness* of its Birth. King CHARLES lives *dimidiate* in his rare Book, as poor *Ovid* was *parte superstes*, by leaving his *Tristia*, as well as Family to the City from which he was banished ; and those who do not Creed Him to be the Author of it after so *manifest Conviction*, it is but reasonable to suppose, are grieved that he should yet Breath so lively after his last *Farewell*, and plead his Cause so learnedly after his direful Execution *indicta causa*.

My Author could heartily doom it to an Archive of Heretical Legends, or Catalogue it in *Brown's Bibliotheca Abscondita*, and wish it no where to be found but with *Homer's Batrochomyomachia*, or the *Homerian* Battel between *Frogs* and *Mice*, neatly described upon the *Chizel-bone* of a large Pike's Jaw. It is the Mirror of that *gang-a*, for whom there was most justly neither *Rythm*, nor no more *Ben. Johnson's* Reason, than *Swing-a Swang-a* ; and I would to God it did not only *Reflect* the *ugliness* of their Principles, but make him also (according to the Story of the *Cock* and the *Glass*) fall out with his own Picture. Can I believe the Martyrdom engraven so deep on the Adamantine

mantine Hearts of those implacable and impenitent
 Adversaries to Monarchy and present Majesty, as that
 the Teeth of Five and Forty Years-time hath not eaten
 out the Characters, and smooth'd it like the Philoso-
 pher's *Tabula rasa*, to inscribe another Rebellious
 Usurpation upon, since this Miscreant would gag
 up the remembrance of it, and have us like Turkish
 Mutes, to *secret* that Sin? In this he follows the Foot-
 steps of the Blood-Hound *Hewson*, promoted from Cob-
 ling to Colonelling, who, upon an *Hosannah* of a shout
 raised by the Loyal Party at his Trial and no Trial,
 Blessed be your Majesty, God grant you to Reign long
 over us; God bring your Enemies under your Feet;
 presently drew up his armed Crew, and had them give Fire
 upon the Naked Innocents, if any more they prayed for
 the King, p. 8. Paraphrase upon those Royal Legacies in
 his Majesties most Christian and Dying Speech. This was
 the Funeral Scene; Ambitious Desires and Blood-thirsti-
 ness produced mortal Enmities; and Pride in Triumph
 led Humility in Obedience to Martyrdom: The Horns
 of Covetous Men's designs pushed off the Crown,
 and it tumbled into a Protector's Lap; and let this
 feral Presbyter chew the Cud upon this, that though
 they put an immature Period to his Life, and brought
 his Body to the sad Catastrophe of being interred with
 an ignoble *Hic jacet*, whose living Bravery and Ver-
 tues, and Applause, the whole World was not able to con-
 tain: Yet his Name and Honour must survive those
 Exits in our Churches Commemoration to a Glorious
 Kind of Immortality; and the Czar of *Muscovy's* re-
 senting his Rigid and Cruel Fate with a Christian-like
 Frown, and Contempt on all the *English Traffickers*
 there, induces me to believe, that his Fame is Eter-
 nized,

nized and celebrated with a sort of Ubiquity. If the Report of his English Treatment could startle an Infidel or amaze a Pagan, methinks it should make a hard-hearted Fanatick boggle, or scare him out of his puritanick Wits.

As for King Charles the Second, his Restoration, I shall be as short and southy upon it as my Author.

First then; Room for the Lord of Misrule: Make way for the Grand Master of the Order of Disorder and Non-conformity. Who dare justle Presbytery in its Pomp and Parade, or confront the Multitudinarian Insolence of fantastick Anarchy in the Lobby? The Uplart Candidate for Sovereignty must let the Parliament know what Westminster-Hall enacted in King Charles the Second his Time, to detract from his unsupported Profession is *annul'd* in the Courts of Heaven: The Act for the Attainder of several Persons, guilty of the horrid Murder of his Royal Father, 12. Car. II. c. 30. is repeated and reversed to his whole Intent and Purpose above, or in B--s's Meeting-House, and how comes it a few *musty Records* do still *attain* and stick that Venial Crime on their Progeny, or a Proclamation did follow and pursue *London* at the Heels to a kind Show, whence an auspicious *Bliss* waded him out of the Reach of Prosecution; and Providence *hoisting* the Sails, and sitting at the Helm, at once steer'd him to a Sanctuary, and convinc'd our Statists that he was *predestinated* neither to be drowned nor hanged? A severe Old Saying has it otherwise with a *Gallows* to him: However, when one is got out of the Clutches of the Law, it is pleasant pleading a divine or eternal Decree for an Exemption,

emption, tacking about, and calling the House of Commons all the Malignants under the Sun. As the *Serly Rogue* that has been *lick'd* for a Fault, no sooner escapes the *Correction*, but turns about, and says, Son of a Birch, what do ye *lick* me for? Did I do such a *thing*, or such a *thing*? The King of Kings hath passed a perpetual Indemnity to the *Offspring* it is probable, for the wicked *Perpetrations* of their *Caitif Ancestors* with a *non obstante* to our past, present, and future Proceedings, and disannulled all our Allegations against their good old Principles of *beheading* and *banishing*: This is the peerless Impertunity and the very would-be-at of my Author in decrying our keeping a Day of Humiliation with prophaner *Flouts* and *Scuffs* than *Aerius* ridiculed the Christian Severities. He is of an *Aerian* Kidney, and stresseth us with the same Strain of Humour and Libertinism: *It is Jewish, thus to keep Days of fasting by a Law; it is an inflowing your selves to a Yoke of Bondage: If it would determine to fast at all, I would fast what Day I pleased as mine own Liberty.* But *Epiphanius* does equally reprimand them both, as he is quoted in the *Rational* on the *Common-Prayer*. *Who are the more Fools; Aerius, a silly Fellow of Yesterday, still living with us, or we who observe this severe Discipline which our Fathers delivered us, which they received from their Fathers, and they from theirs; and so from the Apostles the Sanctity and Usage of Fasting must be derived as from the original Sources of primitive Christianity and pure Devotion?*

Secondly, He soundrels the Thanksgiving-Day with no demurer or decenter Scurrility, abominating it as well as the other, and branding it as a Day of *Revengefulness* appointed after *revolutionary* Heats and incensed

disquiets.

disquiets. The Thoughts of a Restoration glad me, and flutter my Soul; and indeed Fancy and Indignation must *flag*, or their *biting* *Heights* be *loured* when the Mind is overjoyed, the last *Canto* of *Butler's Hudibras* confirms as much : But let me ask him, was King *Charles* big with *spightful* *Venom* ? Did he labour with *Revenge* ? He is the first *Broacher* of that Accusation, and the first that brought any *slander* upon his Mercy and Clemency, into the World ; I guess he hath an excellent *Knack* of *Midwifry*, and can as easily deliver a King of some unhandſom piece of *Ill-nature*, as a Fro is of her mis-shapen Sooterkin ; I rather Opine himself *conceives*, and he would lay the *Bastard-quality* on the King.

He *Libels* him at Random, and *Raves* any thing to Blemish and Smut his Reputation, Mercifulness, Serenity, and Mildness : The *blackest* Scandals of my Author, are but so many *Set-offs* to the Beauty and rare Embellishments of his Mind, and make his Peaceable *Will* and Affections, appear with greater *Dazle*, and more *diffusive* Lustre, inasmuch as such *Calumniators* as he, I am apt to presume, never felt the Rigour of his Justice, or the greatest Fine of his *Displeasure* for the *Offence*. It is notoriously true, and verified by the Restoration, that the success of the Round-Heads their Enterprizes, never *Authenticated* their Cause, nor did their *short-lived* Prosperity justify their *Gallantry* in unlawfulness ; but their *gracious* Impunity, and the letting others go *Scot-free*, was not rigorous, and the Kings Establishing them a Right and Property to, or an undisturbed Enjoyment of their Plunder, Sequestration-Fruits, and *filching* *Acquests*, was not unmerciful I hope ; ay, but at his *Return* from a forced *Extermination*

tion into Foreign Parts, he caused to be Sung in Churches an *Encomium* over their most Traiterous Conspiracies, the armed Power of Usurping Tyrants, and their execrable *Perfidy* and *Inhumanity* in the Effusion of his Fathers Blood, and stubborn Opposition to his Enjoying his own again, *The undoubted Hereditary Sovereignty and Regal Authority over them*: This was a Predominant and *Vindictive* Incivility. It forced them to *Hypocrite* their Actions, and *Dissimulate* a Joy; they seemingly could rejoyce and laugh home the Exile; but it was as if they had Eaten of the Sardinick-Herb to their Grief and Sorrow, and all their *Counterfeit* Jollity at re-instating him, was to *out-noise* their *Shrieks* for the last *Gasp* of a *dying* Usurpation: For how could their *Hearts* and *Hands* go together in receiving him, or cordially Congratulating his Majesty's Arrival and *Investiture* in the Throne, whom they had *resisted* with the strength of Arm, *dict* of Council, and the *keenest* Sword of Injustice? How could they give any sincere demonstration of a *joyful Allegiance* or Subjection, and Obedience *Active* or *Passive* to that Prince whom they had kept at as great a *distance* as their Pikes could *Push* or Awe to, and whose Wills perhaps committed *Treason* when their *Hands* were *Innocent*. It was harder then for them to *Personate* Loyalty or Feign Conversion, than to extenuate their former *Lapses*, and *Vizard* their belligerant Ambitions: Their Posterity are still Skinning over, Extenuating, and Palliating those Old Sores: While the *Gangrene* of Rebellion is not to be Cured but with Cutting off; else the State-Chyrurgeon knows it will break out again, and *Ulcerate* afresh, threatening Mortality like an Infection, to all about it: It had been no Cruelty in the King to have probed it deeper,

deeper, for every Candid Judge is well satisfied how disproportionate their *Punishments* were to their *Deserts*, and their sins not half-salv'd to an *unrelapsing*, or *un-apostatizing* *heal* of Repentance, when the Royal Physician was restored to his *Diseased Kingdom*: And yet he must be called an *unmerciful Tyrant*, and a *Subject-Oppressor*; He might declaim against *Toleration* with as severe *turns* as he does against his *Mildness*, *Favour* and *Grace* to Offenders; but Majesty must be Cavild at *fas vè nefas vè*; and (as the Learned Author of *Matchiavel's* and *Borgia's Policies* says) 'tis the *fashion* of *Fortunate Rebels* to *Feed the People with Shells and empty Names*, as if their bare *Affertion* could demonstrate to us (against all Experience) that it is *Freedom* to be *Slaves* to *Quondam Peasants*, and *Slavery* to be *Subjects* to a *True and Natural Prince*, and that the *Scorpions* of *Anarchy*, *Aristocracy*, or a *free State*, are far more tolerable than the *single Rod of Loyalty*: And therefore if the Prince be severe, he gives them *Nero's Brand*, a *Man kneaded up of Dirt and Bloud*; if he be of *Parts and Contrivance*, he calls it *pernicious Ingenuity*: If he be mild and favourable to *tender Consciences*, he declaims against his *Cunning* and *Trepanning Toleration*. If he urge *Uniformity* and *Decency* in *Divine Service*, he *Rails at his Superstition*. And because there is no such *Equilibrions Vertue*, but *his* some *Flexure* to one of the *Extreams*, he is very careful to publish the *Extream alone*, and to silence the *Vertue*. Every one knows whose *Politicks* those are which *Indict a King* for *mis-carriages Living*, but to *Arraign him of awkward qualities*, and *pestiferous, slaving, leud, or wicked en-dowments Dead*, is much like the *Barbarick Cambyse's Cruelties* and *Indignities* used to *Amasis King of Egypt*, who *untomb'd his very Carcass*, and commanded it to be

be turned, contrary to the Custom of the *Egyptians* and *Persians* as well as Humanity. The *Persians* feared to Feed their God with Carrion; and let not us Christians give Drink-Offering of Blood to ours any more. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and if I add *principibus* too, it ought to be no *impracticable*, or immoral *Apothegm* for Christians. My Author's *Tongue* is no *Slander*, and it would degrade a Majesty to take notice of his *ignominies*, or to reckon them *Scandalum Magnatum*. It is a *debauched* Loyalty that speaks King CHARLES II. a *Debauchee*, whom I cannot but Honour in the Dust, and Sing of in the Poet's *Strain* upon another *Herse*;

"*Cajus in Laudibus*

"*Pacis, Justitiae, Clementiae*

"*publice celebrandis*

"*Nec fama loquax, nec ipsa mendax*

"*poteris esse Epitaphium.*

'Tis true, a King's a Man, and as Mortal as *Horace* could Ode him or *Pale-face* him, and some *Actions* must voluntarily come, through *Inadvertency* fall, or be extorted from him, which confess frail Humanity, and require a *favourable Censure*, or an ingenious Interpretation; and I conclude with the unprejudiced *Statist*. *Iniqua in omni re accusanda, pratermissis bonis, matorum Enumeratio, Vitiarumque selectio; nam ne ultus quidem isto modo Magistratus vituperabilis non erit.*

'Tis an unjust Way of accusing to omit the good Offices of a Prince, and so to select and publish only his bad, for by this means, no Magistrate shall be innocent. His Birth, as a Man, and I may say as a Prince too, on the twenty ninth of May, was a lucky Omen: His Nativity and

and Return on the same Day; like the *Conjunction* of two good Planets, presaged to our Land a lasting Peace, Plenty, Prosperity, and a continued or undisturbed Succession of the Royal Line, and my Author may tell me if he will, that such *Bodings* are sometimes deceived, and fair *Promises* are not always performed : But our *Exaltation* then was but reasonable and moderate to *Io Paan* the signal *Deliverance* of his Majesty and faithful People from deplorable Oppressions, Devastations, Divisions, and Popular Furies. Why is our Religion in this Point of common Gratitude for providential Kindnesses, Courtliness, Flattery, Popery, Pageantry ? For no other reason but because the Tub's turned, the King goes to Chappel, and Presbytery was very near being *rump'd* or lectured out of the Kingdom. Here he lays on with the old Drum-stick, Popery, and *trumps* that Knave upon us again ; He would gladly have us to march after his *Beats*. How can we *Voluntier* it when he presses us so hard ? We read indeed the Name of Christ in the *Van* of his *rebellious Spirit*, but the *Devil* brings up the *Reer*; and let him take this *Motto* for his Colours: *Ecclesia nomine armamini & contra Ecclesiam dimicatis* ; as I find St. *Augustine* quoted. We shall still follow what Bishop *Sparrow* hath observed to us, and believe *That the Sanctification or setting apart of Festivals, is consonant to the Purity of primitive Practice, as being a Token of that Thankfulness, and a Part of that publick Honour which we owe to God for his admirable Benefits; for those Feasts of Joy, and holy Revels are (as the learned and judicious Hooker says) the Splendour and outward Dignity of our Religion, whose Lustre, and redundant Light of Gospel-shine our Owl-ey'd Author cannot endure,*

dure, else I may esteem him one of those *none-so-blind*, that will not see.

It is a *lethargick* Soul which neither God's *Mercy* can allure, nor impending *Menace* awake to pious and solemn *Emanations* of extolling the *one*, and imploring his *Aversion* of the *other*: Acts of Wonder next to Prodigy and *Miracle* on these two *Grand-Days* should make *Stories* in our Church as well as *Annals*, as long-liv'd as the World, and lasting as the *Moon*, which *wains* only to an *Increase*, and appears in a splendor Full again. Our hardened Impenitence for the highest, and therefore the most inglorious *Sins*, and our Unthankfulness for the *Blessings* of our Deliverances both by *Sea* and *Land* are as *circular* and endless as the *redeeming* *Bounty* it self: But they are scarce content those *Straits* should bound their Presumptions, and their swollen Grandeur must have a larger *Circumference*; the narrow Limits of an *Island* pinch them in *Scope*: The Usurper's *Pomeria's* must be enlarged without *Restitution* or Repentance; our Impieties must be *transplanted*, and the *State-Sinner* launches out, careering it to *Hercules's* Pillars, but knows none but a Death-Bed's *ne plus ultra*: Then Five or Six Foot of *disbonoured* *Earth* will contain the *magnifico*, and stop the *blustering* *Jehu-driven* Hector.

J. G. G's Observations upon the *Martyrdom* and *Restoration*, are especial Instances and Proofs of what I assert concerning our *unmindfulness* of Deliverances, and our whiffling unconcernedness for such National Crimes as King-Hunting, Deposing, Scaffolding. *Hunting*, I mention; for had not Providence made the *pack* of Pursuers run *Counter* of the *Game*, or *cast* too far over the *Loss*, they had made no less *Sport* of seizing the Prince

G

in

in the Royal-Oak, than of *unearthing* the Fox, or *uncafing* the Carrion with a Tantivee Who-o-o-up. His apprehension 'tis Ten to One, had pitch'd him at the height of their Scorn and Pinnacle of Injustice in their High-Court, one degree from a Martyr as he was from a Defender of the Faith. Thus our *Humorist*, and his singularity, would out-face Religion, would have had our Church-History of the Restoration, written only in the same Element through which *King Charles the First* failed to his *Hereditary Haven*, full fraught with our Deliverance, where no track of the Story could be Legible in *Water-Characters*; would have had the Grave of the Martyr like *Pompey's*, without any *Inscription* to distinguish the Dust of his Glorious Body from his ignoble Executioner's, (if he be yet Dead, for let *B.* know it is queried) or to shew, *Here lies murdered Charles. Hos voluit nefcire dies*, as *Lucan* sings: These are malicious *Dog-days* with him, and so cross or clouding to his persuasion, that he would Curse them out of the *Ephemerides* if he could; not allow them any difference from others in our Memory or Esteem, in our Joy or Sorrow, and its probable *Excommunicate* them (for they use to *Reprobate* whatever we *Elect* in any Sense) from all Society with the Year, as *Job* did his *Birth-day*: *Let the day perish to all memory, let darkness, and the shadow of Death stain it, and let forgetfulness like a Cloud, dwell upon it, Job 3. 3, 5.* But when all this is said, that our Rubrick to dignifie those above the Common Heap of Days piled up in the Almanack is Superstitious, and our Service on them Popery, the Fool's Bolt is not half shot. He offers Violence to the two King's good-names with his Slanders and Calumnies; He gives us a *Martyrium fama*, a Martyrdom of the Fame of both, as well as of the Life of One.

Reputa-

Reputation is the preciousſt Jewel about us all, *King* or *Peasant*, and as Rich and Dear as any in the Diadem to the meanest, ſo that he's the Notoriousſt Thief that Robs us of it. What Key of Reserve can a Monarch put in the inside againſt the *black-art-devices* of ſuch *pick-locks* of his Credit, Goodneſs, or Juſtice? It is the ſole Apology and Refuge of exquisite Impoſtors, to preſent or *rareſhew* thoſe Kings for Spectacles of Scorn and Infamy after their Deaths, whom they made Theatres of Miſery in their Lives: And I affirm, that my Author's Imputations, Scandalous as False, in ſaying the Martyr was *Guilty*, and that *Juſtice* was Executed on him, wound him as deep, as what killed his Body, in that which is next in value to the Soul, *His Good Name*. To ſuch a palpable untruth, ſuch a *mendacium fenestra-tum*, which hath ſo many wide *Windows* for any to behold it, this *ungloſt* Answer will be moſt convincing and ſuitable, *Petilianns dicit, ego nego*: which is *Rhetorick* enough to Confute a Thouſand bold-fac'd *Liars*,

———— *Nam quis iniqui*
Tam patiens Hominis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe?
 Juv. Sat. 1.

T H E
Postscript-Advertisement.

I Have omitted a Scholastick Discussion of my Author's Notions with submission to our Learner Divines, confining my Thoughts to a bare Remarque upon his Arguments, which I hope is enough to unhood some Persons more Hawk-fighted in Divinity than my self, to Fly at him with an abler Quill, and a stronger Wing of the Church.

Hereunto I have added a Dormant Piece, Printed about 1650. the awaking whereof in a New Edition does even *Present*, or *re viv*, times past, and pourtrays the ghastly Shapes of Presbyterian Policies against our Church and Monarchical State, with none of the insipidest Touches: It is Ingenious, Laconick, and hath abundance of Salt in it. I did not snatch it out of the devouring Jaws of Moths and Worms, that it might live a Malefactor, or Malecontent in these Times; for it is so far from Tottering their
their

The Postscript.

their present Majesties Crown, or detracting from their Government or Settlement, that it rather Consults how to Rivet them in the Throne, and Fix them against the Shock and Assaults of such Furious Assailants or Assassines, as the Presbyterians can Attempt.

A New

The Postscript

When people are in a hurry to get on with their work, they often forget to write a postscript. This is a mistake, for the postscript is often the most important part of a letter. It is the place where you can say what you really mean, and where you can give the reader a chance to say what he or she really thinks. So, if you are in a hurry, don't forget to write a postscript. It may be the only chance you have to say what you really mean.

A NEW
DISCOVERY
OF
Old England,

I N
Certain Contemplative Observations
upon the present Condition of this
distracted Kingdom.

P^Olicy and Allegiance makes a happy Prince
in a discreet Subject ; but Policy link'd to
Disloyalty makes an unhappy Kingdom: The
sad Truth is too apparent in our present Mis-
chiefs whom Obedience confines to the *Prison*,
and Rebellion settles in the *Chair*. *Episcopacy*,
like noble *Uriah* in the Front of the Battel, first
struck at, by the Receipt of a mortal Wound,
stain'd the Hands of the *Infant* Difference ; since
whose

whose Fall the adulterated Church of *England* hath been the Prostitute of a *Synod*, too too ignorant to recompence her *Vitiation*, by contracting her to Truth and Form: The *fair one* had some Spots in her Face to cleanse, but those in a Laver of Blood have clouded the Glóry of her Countenance. This unexpiated Sin gave the Kingdom into the Hands of *Men*, whose Actions may well vie Destruction with *Israel's* Pestilence. The laborious *Assembly*, like their Forerunner *Hacker* (with Fan in Hand) sitt ing in Judgment upon the Scriptures, are as tedious in their Products as a *teaming Elephant*, disburthening themselves once in three Years of some new *Classis* or Catechism, using their Mother (the Church) as pious *Medea* dealt with old *Eson*, kill'd him to renew his Youth, taking special Care that Popery may be wholly extirpated, by picking out of the Ark all rotten and wormeaten Ceremonies, placing new and sound Doctrines of their own in the room, till in the end the Vessel (like that of Sir *Francis Bacon*) shall retain its former Name, though there be not a Stick of the first Composure in it. When it is thus *rig'd*, enter and set *sail* for Heaven, which, if we reach in such a Bottom, a *Lapland Witch*

Witch sailing in a *Sive*, is not so great a Miracle, though the same wicked *Pilot* steer both. Our industrious Re-edifiers of the Temple must work with one Hand and fight with the other, if they will raise the *Fabrick* in the new Model; a Piece in the *Roundness* altogether differing from wise *Solomon's Squarer* Contrivements. I rather believe they are repeating the *Babylonish* Task, and that is the most probable by their Variety of Languages, one speaks *Brownism*, another speaks *Barrowism*, a third *Anabaptism*; one differs in Matter, another in Form, a third in both, from both the former; so that it is to be suspected their Misunderstandings will encrease to so passionate a Height, that after a confused Banding of Opinions (their prime Materials) those who understand one another (though understood by none but themselves) will sever and depart to *Amsterdam*, *Geneva*, and *New England*, their several Colonies.

The second Act in this Tragedy of Peace, speaks injured *Priam*, the Safety of whose *Troy*, and self, was the lost *Palladium*; while the *Tabernacle* of the Lord, carried upon the Shoulders of the *Priests*, went before us, what Opposition of Schism could affront our *Hoast*? but now *diffusit ex Arca*, and profaner Hands have been too

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busie with our sacred Security. Our noble King (while Christian *Loyalty* was the constant Doctrine of that divine *Oracle*, Church Government) seem'd wall'd with Braſs, and covered by the Veil of the *Altar*, from the poisonous Eyes of curious Malignancy, but now his naked and unprotected Side lies open to the Attempts of impious *Liberty*, nothing wanting (in reference to their Inflictions) that may give a *Complexion* to his Sufferings, only his Alacrity in entertaining what their Hate can impose, shews him so far above their Malice, that he seems able to undergo more than their mischeivous Studies can obtrude ; while he poor *Prince of a Mole-hill* (tho' Master of a Heart great as *Pelion upon Ossa*) like the *King of true Beasts*, entangled in the Toil (by some slight Improvidence of his own) scorns to fill the Ears of the World with Complaints and *Roaring*, but with Majesty repining to beg even Liberty it self, with Patience, expects the *Event* of his *Bondage* : Thus *Cesar* threw his Garment over his Face and died perpetual *Dictator*. See what an undisturb'd Mildness his Face and Actions express, as if this *Eagle* were a *Dove* and had no Gall, no single Mischief thunders upon his Soul, the Injuries of a *dear Wife*, and a lov'd *Issue* come to crown his Patience, a Shock worthy

thy the Resistance of so confirmed a *Prince* : Their own Eyes who have been Instruments in this must pay due *Tribute* to so sad a Contemplation, and weep that only this way is left 'em to their supposed Security : What does he suffer ? Even that which would make Death in all its Horror to be courted by a carnal Apprehension. Dejected *Job*, in the Depth of Misery had triple Comfort, and though he chose the Dunghil for Repose was unconfined : Here 'tis Treason for the *Son* to beg his Father's Blessing, too much Liberty for the *Father* to be shut up from the Sight of the Children, and utterly impossible for the Council of *Friends* to reach his Ears, who being in himself so admirable a President, is to them the prime Object and Motive of Imitation and Perseverance.

Who are his Enemies ? Those (O the Unhappiness of Success in Treason) whose whole Help is *Despair* ; since they are conscious they have sinned beyond Reconciliation, they are now resolved to make themselves clearly incapable of Mercy,

Una salus miseris nullam sperare salutem :

And Ills of this Nature cannot be safe without committing greater, therefore, like *State-Fencers*

with the Sword of *Reformation* threatning to strike off petty Abuses at the Foot of the Commonwealth, they falsifie and have a care of your *Head*. The Design is not yet ripe for Action, the squinting *Commonalty* sees something, and a Northern *Plea* put in a *Demur*: However, to strike sure, the Affections of the Subject must be indirectly *sounded*: First remove his Throne out of the Peoples Hearts, and then one Man may do the rest. Nothing so effectual to this purpose as Detraction, and something must be spoken in *Prologue* to the intended *Tragedy*: Let it concern the Protestant Religion, and the Country questions it no further: The King hindred the Relief of *Rochel*, and their King reduced them to due Obedience, dangerous and exemplary: This relates to themselves, whom it behoves to oblige all they may to countenance Rebellion, guessing e're long they may want *Patrons*. Next something monstrous enough to busie the Eyes of the World must be pretended, lest the Depth of their own projected Mischief should be leisurably inquired into. The *Kid* must be seethed in the *Dam's* Milk, the *Father* died to leave the *Son* a Kingdom, the Son must not inherit because his Father's dead; who but such Artificers could have invented such an Engine?

gine? here *Matchiavel* does Homage. Did the King consent to violate his Father's Age? He is as far above their Question, as they are beneath their own Justification; endeavouring, like impious Sons, to do no less to the Father of their Kingdom: Who, thus oppress'd, is happy in his *true Miseries*, while they are miserable in their *seeming Happiness*, having from his princely Essence, Nobleness enough to create Fortitude, while they refrain from their ambitious Attempts Uncertainty of Event, the Parent of Doubt and Fear. Should their Intentions move to his Ruine, their own Mischief would *halt*, till their Intention gave it *Feet* to overtake themselves: This cannot be unperceived, since already to avoid the easie Yoke of single Monarchy, they have subjugated themselves to the confus'd Burthen of as many *Dictates*, as the divided Army hath *Brigades*. A Body, whose Success was enough (had they been as ingenuous as fortunate) to have enrich'd them with a Repute durable as their now inseparable Infamy is like to prove; who, like the untamed *Elements* in the moderated Nature of Servants, were of use to their *Employers*; but their careless Masters have so long conniv'd, that they may now change Names, being only formally what the other essentially

lentially are ; to speak in a Martial Phrase, a
Lieutenant Parliament to their *General*, Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, poor *Pigmaliions*, Slaves to an
 Image of their own making ; The Counsel of
 War begets those Orders in private which the
 Country must *Father* in publick, though they en-
 tertain them with the Countenance of a *Consta-
 ble* when he finds a *Wenche's Maiden-head*
 lap'd up in swadling *Clouts* in his *Entry*. Spight
 of all Contradiction, a Match must be struck
 between *Reformation* and *Independency*, I fear
 while the *Nuptials* are celebrating, their Brother
Presbyterians (as very *Centaurs* as themselves)
 will endeavour a Rape. And then, like *Cad-
 mus's* Earth-born Enemies, those *Twin-Prodigies*
 will by mutual Execution open a Passage
 through their own Bowels for injured Majesty to
 re-ascend the Throne. True Vertue is irrelative
 to either extream, and there is Hopes the *House*
 may stand while *two* contrary *Winds* strive to
 overthrow it. The *Independent* craftily cedes to
 the *Presbyterian*, and while he seems, by easie
 Compliance, to give ground, destroys his Pur-
 suer : Thus a flying *Parthian* shoots backward.
 The *Presbyterian*, secure in his Flight, exposes
 his Breast to the unexpected Arrow, by the
 careless and open management of his Designs,
 when

when both are fled or dead, the Kingdom will be without an *Army*. If the *Presbyterian* take the *Cure* in hand, one Poison may expel another, something must succeed to cure the Remedy, else the Mist that makes *Independency* vanish may make us *wander* : He that drowns in a Sea or a River, meets with an equal Ruine. The *Crown* we all know is at stake, for which the Souldiers and the States are casting Lots, it must fall to one of their Shares to rule ; and let *Æsop's* Frogs beware of the *Stork* : Yet, who so gains it shall find it like *Nessus's* Shirt, when stripp'd over his Ears his *Head* and *Quarters* will follow it.

The *Countrey* in the mean time, like pretty *School-Boys*, puff themselves out of Breath to mount those round *Bubbles* ; whom, while they follow with their Eye and Admiration, if their unguided Feet stumble not to a further Mischief, their best Reward shall be the Loss of their Expences, and the Sight of *nothing* : This they begin to guess at, and would now be contented to be *loyal*, but that the Danger out-weighs their honest Desires,

*The Vulgar most to Cesar bends,
Yet with their Love their Fear contends.*

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I could laugh to see them drink the *King's Health* by Signs, to the Encouragement of whose Ruine, so many Thousands of their *petitionary* Hands have signed : A handsome Recantation, much like that Secret of Nature in *Albertus Magnus*, where by spitting in that Fist with which you struck, the Pain of the inflicted *Blow* shall immediately cease.

Well, let the Houses proceed, but this by the way, should the Train take Fire, and blow up the *King, Power, and Person*, look upon the *Series* of his *Progeny*, and this is no Security to the *Machinators*, but the expected *Sun*, instead of shining with Serenity upon the Kingdom, will become a Blazing *Commet*, threatening Fire and Sword. I hope better, and believe the wisest of them, like expert *Generals*, keep their Ground until their *Carriages* march off : Some petty *Voters* that pin their Resolve upon unpremeditated Event ; have not perhaps the Discretion to perceive their own Danger or the *Conveyances* of their wiser Fellows. Let them consider their Condition, and find themselves miserable, since their whole Safety lives in the Opinion of an *hired Army* ; especially when they know themselves so loath to pay the *Hire* of their own

Security: If the King may be mew'd up, the Soldier fooled, and the Scots blandish'd till the Houses are finished at *Amsterdam*, and the designed *Angels* flown to rest on the Bank beyond the Water, then all that can will skip to scape the *Collar*. 'Tis thought this *Summer* will ripen the Fruit, and those glorious *Apples* of *Sodom* drop from the Tree: If Heaven restore the *Gardner* of the *Kingdom* to his Charge and Care, there will be *lopping* and *throwing* into the Fire; if not, the Soil will prove too *rank* for a settled Peace to *flourish* in. From their own Sins and Differences; we derive some Hopes from the Justice of our Cause, we second those and the *Indisposition* of the Country towards their Injunctions, gives a further Confirmation: Who, though they enjoy some Immunity in their Silence; yet, as in their own *Curs* their not *barking* is not an Argument of their want of *Teeth*, happily they are in a *Pinfold*, and the hovering Army (though more like *Wolves* than *Shepherds*, awe them with a *Whistle*, but the Nature of those *Flocks* are like that of an immured *Torrent*, which having once found the least *Rimula* of Emission, pursues it to a perfect *Enlargement*. Should the *North* summon their *Guards* to an Employment,

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some bold *Dux Gregis* or other, would lead the way, and then *Ruit Vulgus*.

And now Vengeance, with a Motion swift as Injury can wish (through all the *Foils* and *Doubles* of Pretence) prosecutes the guilty *Game* in open *View*: Whose faint *Evasions* promise to Justice a sudden *Attack* of her expected Prey. Our *State-Actions* being (by looking with too familiar an Eye upon Divine Majesty) transformed into a *Chase* for their own *Scotch Beagles*, who know not their once *Masters* in their newly assumed *Independent Shape*. The *Cavalier* has been long at a *Fault*, but hearing the Cry renew, joyns Throats with the *Covenant*, a deep mouth'd *Blood-bound* in a loud Pursuit: If the Blandishment of a *Dominum cognoscite vestrum*, in the late *Declaration* cannot prevail to a *Regard*, the last Act must be like the Fall of an *Eremanthean Boar* to attempt Security by a desperate Use of the *Tusk* and *Sword*; the only mischeivous Means to crown the unnatural Process with a *Brutish Period*. If the *Scot* be not too covetous to be honest, the next Scene is *shifting*, but give me leave to doubt the Reason of their *Distance* to proceed from the *Taste* of those *Sweets*, which the unwearied *Vigilancy* of our *Collector's* Industry here hath so often made them *Fellow-Sharers* in; I doubt they have

have the Discretion of making their Hire an Inheritance, and can, like those,

Qui noverant secreta domus atque inde timeri;

fright the Parliament when they please into a Compliance, by the Bug-bear of *advancing*; their League with *France*, and the Sense of that Honor which they exposed in delivering up his Majesty, who fled to them for *Protection*, may somewhat incline them to Motion: It would be as strange as grateful, should those *Northern Blasts* (which have hitherto breathed nothing but *Barrenness* and *Sterility* upon *England*) come hand in hand with our hopeful *Spring*.

He that rides upon the Wings of the Wind, can (if he please) make this *Boreas* a *Zephire*, to them a *Storm* that hate the *King*, to those a *Calmy Fanning Refreshment* that love him and the Peace of his *Government*.

F I N I S.